

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

*Fourth Series*

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 621.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE KETTLE-DRUM.

THE gradual advance of dinner from six to seven o'clock, seven to eight o'clock, and even later, has thrown the system of daily meals, to speak mechanically, out of gear. One result is pretty observable. Luncheon, which used to be a trifling affair about or a little after mid-day, has expanded into a kind of dinner at two to three o'clock. Many, indeed, actually dine at that time, and make the late and ceremonious dinner little better than a bit of parade or sham. That is to say, in so-called fashionable society, there are two dinners in the day, at one of which people appear in ordinary morning attire, and at the other in evening dress. The protraction of the hour for the final meal of the day has, however, had another result. It has led to the interpolation of what is known as the kettle-drum or afternoon tea about five o'clock; and it is of this intermediate and unceremonious refectation that we wish to say a few words.

The origin of the term 'kettle-drum' has never been clearly explained. A 'drum' used to be the name given to evening-parties a hundred years ago, and possibly 'kettle' has been prefixed to the word to impart the idea of a tea-kettle. Anyway, a kettle-drum happens to be a pleasant sort of meal—scarcely a meal at all, but only an excuse for meeting together in an easy manner at an interval when one has nothing else to do; while some will accept it as a welcome prelude to the onerous task of 'dressing for dinner.' The afternoon tea or kettle-drum has other uses. Men have now no leisure for breakfast-parties, even if they were inclined to talk before facing the day's work; and the ponderous formality of the dinner which fashion prescribes, to say nothing of its often finding men tired and jaded, forbids that free interchange of sentiments which renders Johnson's tavern dinners or the sociable feasts of Holland House so pleasant a retrospect in these days and nights of hurry. Much of the friendly talk of a country-house, or the liveliness of a London mansion, crystallises round the kettle-

drum. Mrs Jones and Mr Thompson have sat for five minutes in their hostess's drawing-room, looking prim and starched, and very frigidly abusing the hot weather. Suddenly, the lady of the house, with a bright thought, rings the bell; tea appears, and at once they thaw, while the conversation runs on again, sparkling through its ordinary channels. Or it has been a cold snowy afternoon in November; the women did not care to leave the house; *ennui* has reigned triumphant, and the painted ancestors on the walls have been frowning with gloomy brows on the modern fine ladies beneath; when suddenly tea is brought into that most charming room of a country-house, the inner hall or first drawing-room. Smiles forthwith brighten out, and a ripple of murmured chit-chat ensues. Then in walk Charlie and the captain in knickerbockers and shooting-jackets, while young Fitz and Major Stooks ride up to the door on their nags, all glad of civilised society after severe outdoor exercise, and thankful for the cup of tea, which at any other time they would despise. How pleasant, then, is the low easy-chair, the blazing brands on the 'dogs,' their flicker on the china and *bric-à-brac* around, the *petits-soins* of the ladies, only too glad to turn handmaids for the nonce, the heightened colour of Alice, the last new song warbled by Kate; until the bell warns the cosy party that it is time to dress for dinner.

But if that most agreeable refreshment, afternoon tea, has to answer for much of the scandal and uncharitable surmises of society, perhaps people do not settle down to this sorry employment with the same deliberation as the ladies, when they enter the drawing-room after dinner; still the light shafts which are sped are none the less dangerous from being unpremeditated. Tea has long had to suffer under the imputation of gossip, and afternoon tea quite keeps up its character. Little did that arch-gossip Pepys reflect, when he wrote in his Diary, on Sept. 25, 1660, 'I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink of which I had never drunk before,' that he was talking of a power which should hereafter fill so many diaries with gossiping trivialities.

Though afternoon tea is a product of advanced civilisation, its analogues may be found in the past. Thus Isidore, a grammarian of the seventh century, explains the Roman meal called *merenda*, concerning which antiquaries have always been puzzled, as having been 'food taken in the afternoon, to be eaten after mid-day, and just before dinner; whence,' he adds, 'certain call it *antecena*,' or dinner prelude. This exactly corresponds to our cup of tea taken in the afternoon just before dinner. So that in this case, as in so many others, there is nothing new under the sun. Lucullus gathered his guests around him in the shady arbour at his country-house for *merenda* on oppressive afternoons, just as cups of tea now solace our young people under the croquet tent, before the dressing-bell rings.

Leaving out of sight teetotal agitation, the teacup has thus become to a certain extent a power in the state; nor is there much fear, at least in our own time, of its becoming a corrupt one. And yet it is from the natural process of development that a change may pass over its fortunes; its goodness die of a plethora. As soon as parliament abandons late sittings, dinner may perhaps return to a more sensible hour, lunch modestly put in its claims again, and the gunpowder of afternoon tea explode into empty space. A generation will grieve over it, and the philosophers of the future set themselves to speculate on its exact value amongst the fashionable agents of the nineteenth century. Finally, to be relegated in their opinion to that limbo of vanities whither ascend the cast-off delights of society.

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,  
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there,  
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,  
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound:  
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

Or, if we may venture to alter Pope—"afternoon bohea."

## GLENCAIRN,

A DRAMATIC STORY IN THREE ACTS.

### SECOND ACT.

As much as two years elapse; the Edinburgh tradesmen have almost forgot that funny, though losing piece of business with Lord Glencairn, and his lordship has to all appearance vanished from the face of the earth. Glencairn, however, had only changed the scene of operations to the United States of America, and at the same time changed his designation. He was no longer a claimant for the Glencairn peerage, but a scion of the noble House of Gordon, if not actually Earl of Aberdeen. We have thought over what could be his lordship's reasons for honouring the Aberdeen family by the adoption of their surname, and have arrived at the belief that his choice of name was chiefly due to the possession of note-papers with the earl's coronet, and the monogram H. G., or G. H., just as you chose to read it. Possessing a quantity of these note-papers, his lordship needed to make no change. He was Hamilton, Lord

Gordon, or, if you like, George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen.

Whatever governed his lordship's choice of title, he cast up at St Paul, Minnesota, one of the western states of America, in the summer of 1870, shortly after having abruptly disappeared from London. At first he said little about himself, was modest in his bearing, and, with the money he had carried off, he was able to settle his bills regularly. While efforts were making to discover who he was, he placed himself in correspondence with the officers of the Northern Pacific Railroad, with the intention, as he said, of purchasing fifty thousand or sixty thousand acres of land on which to plant a Scotch colony. To purchase land in such a wholesale manner raised a high opinion of his wealth, while his note-papers, with the coronet, let it be understood that he was a man of rank. He was accordingly treated as a lord, and becoming the lion of the hour, he expressed himself as being grateful for all the kindness shewn him; in token of which he made some handsome presents of jewellery. What ensued, as described in a Minneapolis newspaper, reads like a novel.

'Being interviewed by the officers of the Pacific Railway regarding his proposed purchase of lands—"Yes," he said; "I do covet a few acres of your beautiful lands; not for myself—I have more than enough for my poor life—but for my dear sister, for the gratification of her benevolence. She would like to present to some of my old tenants lands in your free republic, where they may rear their families in peace and plenty; and to gratify my beautiful sister I would like to buy a few thousand acres—not many thousand, certainly—say about fifty thousand acres or so—just a little for my poor people." Then there was a buzz! The office of the Northern Pacific was agitated. Here was a lord, who cared nothing for money, and who wanted a little bit of land—fifty thousand acres, for benevolent purposes. He would like to inspect it, of course, before purchasing. So they equipped a caravan, and led him promptly forth. It was the last of August when the princely retinue started from St Paul to the Northern Pacific, under command of Colonel Loomis, the deviser and commander of the excursion. Can the glories of that caravan be told? It was equipped for a lord. There were half-a-dozen teams with a carriage for Milord, besides the omnibuses, ambulances, &c. There were twelve men to do the manual labour, with a French cook and negro waiters in linen aprons and white gloves, and the royal table was unloaded from the baggage-wagons at every meal, and set out with fresh napkins, silver-plate, and china. It was truly gorgeous! Every luxury that the markets of Chicago, St Paul, and Minneapolis could produce was there; and all the game of the boundless prairie, from woodcock to buffalo. Champagne three times a day. When the caravan had skirted Oak Lake, Milord wanted to see Fergus Falls; and when he had done Fergus Falls, he longed for Morehead; and when he had digested

Morehead, he yearned to extend his excursion beyond the Red River. So on and on the deluded Loomis pressed, ever roweling the sable waiters, ever cajoling and reproaching the French cook, ever excited between anticipation and apprehension, and ever sending relays of messengers for more potted grouse, more cranberry jelly, and more champagne. In November the party came back half-frozen. Milord had selected his fifty thousand acres in Otter Tail and Beaver counties. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company footed the bills—fifteen thousand dollars for two months. The absurd farce was at an end. Milord Gordon did not buy the land for his poor tenants, and he never again mentioned his beautiful and benevolent sister to anybody.

Having travelled about for a few months, making himself acquainted with the various railway schemes of the country, Gordon in 1871 lighted down on New York, there, as we shall see, to commence business by appearing as a grand millionaire. He was the Right Honourable Lord Gordon, an English nobleman in the House of Lords, where he was always listened to with marked attention. He owned vast estates in Scotland, with a numerous tenantry, who were desirous to emigrate. He had come to America to seek out a locality where they might settle as a community; already he had made inquiries, and he designed to go westwards for the purpose. In two ways, this was a clever idea of his lordship. The Americans, with all their republicanism, are the most arrant tuft-hunters. They run after persons with a title, and, as has just been observed, a number of them are eager to get hold of any one who will buy large lots of land in the western part of the States. Lord Gordon was in request, almost treated like a prince. No doubt, great skill was required for the performance of his new rôle. But his lordship was fit for it all. With the easy composure of an English nobleman, his anecdotes of high life in London, his talk of lords and ladies at court, the off-hand narratives of his landed property and connections, his anxiety to be useful in promoting the emigration of his poor tenants, and his willingness to bear all the expense, brought him into notice. Horace Greeley believed in him, and took him up. More strange still, his lordship had the address to impose on Jay Gould, one of the acutest men of the age. This we consider to have been a really marvellous feat, and we must tell how it happened, drawing the more salient particulars from a volume of printed law-papers connected with the process of Gould *versus* Gordon in the supreme court, county of New York.

In his first affidavit before the court, Gould says: 'In the month of February last [1872], I was informed by Mr William Belden, that the Right Honourable Lord Gordon, otherwise known as the Earl of Aberdeen, a Scottish nobleman, was temporarily in the city; that he claimed to be largely interested in the stock of the Erie Railway Company, of which I was then President; and at

Mr Belden's request I sent him a complimentary pass over the Erie Railway.' For the compliment so handsomely paid, his lordship promptly despatched an acknowledgment by a note, which now lies before us; it is written in a scrawling aristocratic hand, surmounted by the earl's coronet and monogram, and is as follows: 'Lord Gordon presents compliments, and begs to acknowledge receipt of Complimentary Pass over the Erie Ry, of which he will be happy to avail himself in the event of his passing over the Line.' As it was subsequently represented that Lord Gordon, from his connection with English shareholders, had a controlling interest in the stock of the Erie Railway, Gould called on him at his rooms in the Metropolitan Hotel. At this juncture, it is to be understood, there was an approaching crisis in the management of the Erie Railway, and Gould was hopeful of being supported through his lordship's influence. All very well, one would say; but surely the first thing he ought to have done was to assure himself that Gordon had any influence at all. Mr Gould appears by a sort of infatuation to have been lulled into confidence by the wild pretensions and assumed title of the impostor, who led him to believe that he was possessed of large landed estates in Great Britain; that for many years he had been in receipt of an annual income of about three millions of dollars; and that he had already invested large sums in American securities. As for the Erie Railway Company he owned thirty million of dollars in the capital stock, and had the control of twenty more millions, owned by his friends in England; in short, that he and his friends possessed a majority in the concern, which was substantially in his power. It fills one with amazement to know that Gould in his credulity, and in the hope, as it were, of buying over Gordon, believed all this nonsense, and engaged to deposit with him in security, as a mark of his good faith in his lordship, property to the value of five hundred thousand dollars, to be returned on the election of the Board of Directors in the way reckoned on. Stocks as specified to the value of three hundred thousand dollars, with two hundred thousand dollars (forty thousand pounds) in money, were accordingly handed over. Did ever adventurer without a shilling he could call his own, and by dint of mere audacity, make such a tremendous haul?

Gordon, of course, failed to do what was expected of him, and Gould was furious on finding that he had been imposed on by a wretched interloper. Sending to London (when a little too late) to inquire as to the true character of his lordship, he ascertained that this magnificent personage could be nothing else than an impostor. Shocking revelation! The great Gould outwitted by an English adventurer! In the annals of villainy there was hardly anything more grotesque. Roused to a sense of his wrongs, Gould set the law to work, for which we are greatly obliged to him, as it lets us into a knowledge of a monstrously

nefarious affair. Gould, we can see, from his local knowledge and leanings, was too much for Gordon, who stood on the defensive. Yet, he had his solicitors, and shewed fight. He had a good deal to say for himself in the way of ingenious bamboozlement. He actually raised a counter-action, Gordon *versus* Gould, in which he endeavoured to maintain his claim to the property that had been indiscreetly put in his possession. In time, however, and by a little manœuvring, in which a judge was concerned, he, under pressure, gave back part of his plunder.

Abridging from an affidavit, we shall let Gould explain how he achieved this remarkable success through the friendly assistance of Mr William Belden, to whom he mentioned the circumstances. 'Mr Belden said that as Gordon had been a guest of his, and he knew him very well, he believed that if he could see him, he would return the moneys and securities which I had given him, without legal proceedings, or satisfy me they were not necessary. Belden and I then started to go to the Metropolitan Hotel for the purpose of seeing Gordon; on my way, having occasion to see Mr Tweed, who said he knew nothing of Gordon, but if I thought he was a swindler, I had better see Judge Shandley about him, who was then in the next room waiting to see him on business; he accordingly called Judge Shandley into the room where we were, and said to him that we wished to talk to him. We told the judge very briefly that a man stopping at the Metropolitan Hotel had obtained a large amount of moneys and securities from me, and that I had been led to think that he was probably an impostor, and meant to swindle me, and that we were going up to the hotel to see the man. I asked him what course I could pursue in case Gordon refused to give up the money and securities, and he said I could have him arrested, of course, on applying to any magistrate; he said he should be at the hotel that afternoon, and would be there very soon, and if I desired to do so, I could apply to him there for my man's arrest. Mr Belden and I went directly to the Metropolitan Hotel. I went immediately to room No. 112. I did not go into the billiard-room, or to the bar-room, but went directly to room No. 112, to which I have always had free access. There Mr Belden and I sat down, and I proceeded to give him a list of the securities which Gordon had belonging to me. While we were so occupied, Judge Shandley came in. It was suggested that we should need an officer, and a police-officer was procured. Mr Belden left the room to go to Gordon, and in a few minutes he returned, stating that Gordon [under a hint as to a police-officer and a warrant being at hand a few rooms off] was perfectly willing to hand back my money and securities; and thereupon I gave Mr Belden a note to the effect that he should represent me. Mr Belden went back to Gordon's room, and shortly after he returned, and handed me packages containing two hundred

thousand dollars, and also some of the securities which I had given to Gordon. Mr Belden told me that Gordon had promised to hand the balance of the securities to him that evening. I then left the hotel.' We gather from this that Gould recovered the money he had given to Gordon, but that a portion of the stock connected with certain undertakings remained to be surrendered. This stock, over which Gordon had no valid claim, and which he engaged to return that evening, was not returned. The promise to give it back to the rightful owner was illusory. Gordon had either disposed of it for his own advantage, or placed it for sale in the hands of stock-brokers at Philadelphia, where a process of restitution was instituted.

It is observable throughout this extraordinary litigation that much ignorance prevails in the United States regarding the British peerage and their titles. To clear up matters, it was found necessary to appeal to an expert, who made a business of giving advice respecting claims to coats of arms, and titular heritages in Great Britain. The knowledge of there being such a professional adviser does not quite surprise us, for we remember seeing an office in the Broadway, New York, where English coats of arms were adjudged and distributed as articles of merchandise. In the present instance, the expert was Robert Shelton Mackenzie, Doctor of Laws, at Philadelphia, who had made a special study of British peerage history, the rules of heraldry, and titles of honour. By this learned authority it was shewn that 'if there was a Lord Gordon, he would use the coronet of a baron, and not of the higher degree of an earl; and if there existed the son of a duke or marquis with the courtesy title of Lord George Gordon, he would not use his father's coronet, but simply the family crest, inasmuch as the law, not recognising titles of courtesy, would regard him as a commoner only; and any official statement would describe him as George Gordon, Esquire, commonly called Lord Gordon.' Then, as for the monogram, G. H., employed under the coronet in his note-papers, if meant to indicate George Hamilton Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, it could not be correct, for the young Earl of Aberdeen was now travelling in Italy. In fact, the monogram with an earl's coronet was an unwarrantable assumption.

In the course of his judicial examinations, Gordon spoke of having transactions with one Count Charles Henry de Crano, residing in 'Cambridge Square, Notting Hill, London,' and whom he represented to be his step-father. It was deemed important to discover if there was any such mighty personage, or if he was only a flight of fancy. Communications were forthwith opened with the London authorities; and we have some diverting evidence of detectives and letter-carriers, regarding their efforts to discover a man who never existed; they might just as well have been sent travelling through London to find



out any of the heroes of Dickens's novels. George Greenham, of the Detective Department of the Metropolitan Police, being able to speak French, Italian, and German, declares before a magistrate at the Mansion House, that he had visited every house in Pembroke Square, Notting Hill, and every house in Cambridge Square, Paddington, but no De Crano was to be found. Besides this, he says, he visited not only all the private dwellings about Notting Hill, but all the provision-shops, butchers', bakers', grocers', chemists', and other shops, and that he could not find a single person who ever so much as heard of any one called De Crano. The legations of Austria, France, Spain, and Italy were equally ignorant on the subject. It was clear that De Crano was an invention. Next, we have a number of declarations, before magistrates, of noblemen—the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Aberdeen, and others—to the effect that they had no connection with, and knew nothing of the person styling himself Lord Gordon. Also, the affidavit of J. R. Planché, Somerset Herald, declaring that the bearing an earl's coronet over a monogram was an irregularity unknown to the laws of arms. In justice to Jay Gould, we must say he spared neither trouble nor expense to discover the character of the adventurer by whom he had been victimised.

Meanwhile, during these proceedings, Gordon felt that the net was closing around him. At the instance of Gould, on a charge of obtaining property on false pretences, he had been brought before a judge, and was only liberated on finding bail to a large amount. Had the case come to a regular trial, his lordship might possibly, by underhand means, not unknown in American law practice, have been acquitted. The case, however, never got the length of a trial. Gordon, to his dismay, heard that Jay Gould, in his indefatigable endeavours to procure a conviction, had taken steps to secure the attendance of Mr Smith of Marshall and Sons, and that, in fact, that gentleman was already on his way to New York. All, he now knew, would be lost unless Smith went to the bottom of the sea, or was somehow made away with on his arrival. Leaving Gordon in an unenviable state of suspense as to the possibly disagreeable upshot of his frauds, we drop the curtain on the second act, and leave the wind-up of the drama to a concluding paper. W. C.

#### ABOUT ICELAND.

CAPTAIN BURTON's visit to Iceland, of which the two volumes we are about to notice are a record, was made rather more than two years ago; but the delay in publication has distinct advantages. There may possibly be some loss of freshness in the narrative, though that is in general spirited enough, but there is a counterbalancing gain. The due amount of reflection which the interval between the date of Captain Burton's sojourn in Iceland and that of the publication of his book has enabled him to bestow upon his subject, has prevented anything like hasty or inartistic work; and the

perspective, proportion, and disposition of light and shade which the author has observed in the arrangement of his material, and which is very desirable in a book of this sort, would have been impossible, had it been more hurriedly done. Books upon Iceland have not been few, and it is probable that a good deal of exaggeration has been written concerning the country, especially in regard to its natural features. A perusal of Captain Burton's volumes leaves the impression of their being a candid, impartial, and trustworthy estimate of the subject. The author has not relied entirely upon the conceptions which he himself formed of the country and its people, but has carefully compared them with those of other travellers, making himself acquainted with almost everything that has been written that would be likely to assist him in his work. The result is an exhaustive book, wherein no aspect of the subject seems to be left untouched.\*

Captain Burton landed in Iceland, as was most natural, at the capital, Reykjavik. Reykjavik is a place which has made a fair amount of progress, considering the remoteness of its position, during the last half-century. Seventy years ago it was nothing more than a fishing village, containing some seven hundred inhabitants. It may now be considered a 'fair north-of-Europe port,' its population in 1870, when the census was last taken, being 2024, which is increased by about five hundred during the annual fair. The town is built on each side of a small and gradually sloping river-valley, which drains the Tjörn, a lakelet to the south, in extent about eight hundred yards long, by four hundred broad. The streets are for the most part well planned—straight, broad, and macadamised, but little can be said for their cleanliness. The drains are allowed to remain foul for long periods, and Reykjavik is pervaded throughout with 'an ancient fish-like smell,' against which, custom seems to have rendered the inhabitants proof. The houses are built with little regularity, chiefly of wooden frameworks of joists, filled 'with basaltic slabs, and mortar blue with dark sand,' and the walls are boarded over. Most of the houses have gardens, which are neatly kept, planted with vegetables and the hardier sorts of flowers and fruit-trees. In this direction great advance has been made by the Icelanders. In 1810, in Reykjavik, there was 'not a single garden or vegetable of any kind.' The most characteristic part of Reykjavik is that inhabited by the class of people called Tomthús-men, or 'empty-house men,' the majority of whom are engaged solely in fishing. They form by far the largest portion of the community, and their dwelling-places are, in point of architecture, a composite of the Irish shanty, the cabin of the Far West, and the earth-covered hut of the Esquimaux. Their shape is an oblong parallelogram; the material of which they are built, basaltic blocks. Feats supply the place of mortar; the walls are sunk two or three feet below the ground; they possess generally two single-paned windows, and the steeply sloped turfed roofs 'yield a superior crop of grass.' A peculiarity of these houses is, that they appear as if gathering themselves together

\* *Ultima Thule: a Summer in Iceland.* By Captain Richard F. Burton. William P. Nimmo, London and Edinburgh.

and pushing forward against the wind, the rain, and the snow, as though compelled by an aggressive climate always to maintain the most defensive attitude possible.

Reykjavik was the centre from which Captain Burton made his several expeditions and explorations throughout the country. During the five months of his stay in Iceland, he became thoroughly acquainted with its physical characteristics, and with the past history as well as the present life and condition of its people. It is of this last point we would chiefly treat.

The estimates which different travellers have formed of the national character of the Icelanders vary greatly. One represents them as gloomy, ungenial, stubborn, suspicious, slothful, greedy, and unscrupulous; another writer, denying all this, calls them dignified, law-abiding, cheerful, frank, pious, contented, intellectual, hospitable, and not markedly addicted to any vice except that of drunkenness. As might be expected, the truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes. Captain Burton has studied the Icelandic character closely, and describes it as nearly resembling that of other northern peoples, though, at the same time, isolation has preserved for it certain distinct national traits. The Icelanders are distinguished by truthfulness, mingling this truthfulness of their own, however, with a strong suspicion and distrust of others; in this resembling the Laplanders and other northmen. As compared with the natives of Southern Europe, they are stolid and slow-witted. Having little at home to stimulate in them invention or enterprise, they are strongly conservative; but abroad they are without difficulty stirred to ambition and emulation. The Icelanders are a 'large-brained and strong-brained man,' naturally of a slow and solid mental habit, but capable of a high degree of education and culture. All the influences which surround him at home tend to make him indolent and phlegmatic; but abroad he becomes energetic, self-reliant, and courageous. What the Icelanders was a century ago, he is still. The manner of his life has altered very little during the past hundred years. While the rest of the civilised world has been advancing with such rapid strides, he has remained, perforce, almost stationary.

Education in Iceland is pretty generally diffused, but does not reach a high standard. All can, more or less, read and write; but, owing in a great measure to the thinness of the population, the pursuit of knowledge seems evidently to be carried on under difficulties. 'Learning among the Icelanders,' our author says, using a well-known quotation, 'is like bread in a besieged town; every man gets a mouthful, but no man a meal.' There are other places besides Iceland of which this could be said.

The wealth of Iceland consists chiefly in its grass-lands. Flocks and herds provide the most important means of livelihood to the people, and the chief source of industry and commerce. The fields are naturally grassed, not seeded, the plough and harrow being in little use. The grass is soft and thick, growing to a height of about six inches; and the hay made from it is of excellent quality and sweetness. White clover grows readily in the island, as do also potatoes and various other of the hardier sorts of garden produce. Attempts have at different times been made to introduce several

kinds of grain, but as yet without success; and it is still doubtful whether the warm season in Iceland is sufficiently long to ripen it. Moreover, the preliminary expense, which would have to be incurred before the experiment of grain cultivation could be properly made, such as the levelling of the soil, is greater than the farmers could afford. The best farms are on the north side of the island, the south-western coasts being inhabited chiefly by a fishing population. The homes of the agricultural and pastoral class nowhere form even the smallest village. Nothing that can be called a township is found except on the seaboard.

Three thousand five hundred boats, and about five thousand men, are employed in working the Iceland fisheries. The proportion of the population whose regular occupation is fishing is only one-tenth of that engaged upon the farms; but during the busy season of the year, large numbers of the peasants betake themselves to the coasts, and the whole activity and interest of the people are for the time centred upon fishing. It is this industry, Captain Burton affirms, which has 'determined more than anything else the modes and inspiration of the national life.' The three most important kinds of fishing are the cod, the shark, and the whale fishery. The western coasts, the most desolate in appearance beyond almost all other parts of the island, are especially rich in cod, and possess excellent spawning grounds. Amateurs of the rod find good sport in Iceland, but, generally speaking, of a pretty rough kind. 'The fish either rush at the bait, swallowing the food before it touches the water, or lie sulking, and will not be persuaded to rise.' All the lakes and rivers, except those which have their sources immediately in snow-mountains, are plentifully stocked with fish.

The female part of the population of Iceland is employed during winter chiefly in weaving and knitting, and during summer in spinning yarn. The loom—a primitive construction, not much superior, seemingly, to that used among the ancient Egyptians and the inhabitants of Central Africa at the present day—is found in every farm-house. With it a clever hand will weave three yards a day. A favourite employment in Iceland is gathering eider-down, which occupies both men and women, and is carried on during the autumn and winter. In 1870 as much as 7900 pounds of down was exported from the island; but the profits of the industry are small. Other productions of the island are the well-known Iceland spar and Iceland moss, the former being crystallised carbonate of lime.

During his stay in Reykjavik, Captain Burton was hospitably entertained at the houses of several of the chief families, and found the society kindly and pleasant. Those whom he visited spoke English and French. The custom of drinking healths, which has almost entirely disappeared among us, is still kept up at Icelandic dinner-tables. The drinker bows, tilts his glass slightly forward towards the person whose health he is drinking, and bows again. A curious practice is observed when a fresh bottle of wine is drawn. Before helping your neighbour, you first spill a few drops into your own glass. The same custom prevails, Captain Burton tells us, in Brazil. At the conclusion of a dinner in Iceland, all rise, and whether previously introduced or not, bow or

shake hands with each other, and, with the host and hostess, exclaiming 'Velkomme.' The gentlemen do not continue sitting at the table after the ladies have left—a practice which some may think might be adopted with advantage in England, and which is indeed being already followed to a considerable extent among us.

Of course, Captain Burton visited Hekla and the Geysirs. He calls it 'indeed a Cockney trip;' but 'a visit to Iceland without it, would be much like Dante's *Commedia* with the Inferno omitted.' But Captain Burton's account of Hekla and the Geysirs differs markedly from the descriptions of former travellers, in that it is very much less enthusiastic and wonder-moving. Most of us have been accustomed from our school-days to regard these two natural phenomena as among the 'wonders of the world;' but Captain Burton's matter-of-fact narrative goes some way to dispel this idea in his reader's mind. But the reason that Hekla and the Geysirs failed to present to our author the same aspects of 'thrilling horror,' 'majestic grandeur,' and 'heavenly beauty,' as they apparently did to the majority of his predecessors, may probably to a great extent be explained by the fact, that he has seen so very much more of the marvellous in creation than most men. What might strike with wonder the traveller of average experience might easily stir no great amount of astonishment in one who has pretty nearly traversed the wide world over. He assures us, however, that 'the dozen intelligent English tourists' who were in Iceland at the same time as himself, all agreed in forming an estimate of what they saw corresponding with his own. We would not like to say that the opinion of any of these gentlemen was at all influenced by that of Captain Burton, and we cannot attempt to suggest how this statement may be reconciled with the description which we have of Hekla and the Geysirs by other travellers. Captain Burton would settle the matter by at once affirming that all previous accounts have been vast, though doubtless not wilful, exaggerations. 'The Hekla in reality,' he says, 'is a commonplace heap, half the height of Hermon, and a mere pigmy compared with the Andine peaks, rising detached from the plains; about three and a half miles in circumference, backed by the snows of the Tindafjall and Torfarjökull, and supporting a sky-line that varies greatly with the angle under which it is seen. A pair of white patches represent the "eternal snows." On the right of the picture is the steep but utterly unimportant Thrilhyrning, crowned with its benchmark; to the left the Skarösfjall, variegated green and black; and in the centre the Bjölfal, a western buttress of the main building, which becomes alternately a saddle-back, a dorsum, and an elephant's head, trunk, and shoulders.'

Captain Burton found the ascent of Hekla slow but comparatively easy work, two young English ladies accompanying his party. He had read of 'concealed abysses,' 'crevasses to be crossed,' places where 'a slip would be to roll to destruction;' but none of these were encountered by him. Our author went to Iceland with a strong conviction that much of exaggeration had been written about that country; so that we may consider that the estimate which he gives us of its natural phenomena has not received its tinge from any great feeling of disappointment, at any rate. The Geysirs

moved him to no stronger emotion of wonder than did Hekla. 'Nothing,' he writes, 'can be meaner than their appearance, especially to the tourist who travels as usual from Reykjavik; nothing more ridiculous than the contrast of this pin's point, this atom of pyritic formation, with the gigantic theory which it was held to prove, earth's central fire, the now obsolete dream of classical philosophers and "celebrated academicians;" nothing more curious than the contrast between Nature and Art, between what we see in life, and what we find in travellers' illustrations.'

Our author deals as fairly as he can both by his readers and those writers on Iceland from whose verdicts he feels bound to differ, in that he gives us liberal quotations from several of the latter, as a set-off to his own generally unenthusiastic narrative. It is as well that we, on our part, should supply our readers with at least a sentence from a traveller who has described the beauty of the Geysirs with a vivid pen: 'The charm of the Geysirs at Reykir could not be exceeded; the shafts, as they rose, curved outwards all round in perfect symmetry, a tree of live water, throwing off steam, but not sufficient to obscure its marvellous beauty, as the sun sparkled among its branches.' It is difficult to believe that the writer of the above did not actually behold something like the beauty which he here describes; and we must again bear in view that Captain Burton contemplated Hekla and the Geysirs with the memory still vivid in his mind of sights which he declares, and which we are ready to believe on his testimony, to be of infinitely greater beauty and grandeur, such as 'the jetting boiling water near the beautiful Lake Rote-ma in New Zealand,' and the Yellowstone region in North America, where, as in the New World generally, 'every feature, lakes and cataracts, forest and cañon, is on a scale unknown to the Old.' But while Captain Burton writes thus of Hekla and the Geysirs, it must not be supposed that he met with no scenery in Iceland that awakened his admiration. In proof of this, and in justice to the country, since our quotations have been rather in the direction of disparaging its natural wonders, we would like, had space permitted, to have been able to give our author's description of a sunset view which he obtained of the Vatnajökull—a very glowing, yet not overdone picture.

Captain Burton set before him a definite object in writing these volumes—namely, to encourage, if possible, the further development of Iceland. He considers that the principal means by which this may be done are three: the working of the sulphur-mines; a thorough reform and improvement of the appliances at present in use among the fishing population of the island; and the extension of emigration. That a well-organised system of emigration would do much for Iceland, there seems to be little doubt. Thinly peopled as the country is, the population has in certain parts become too dense for the capabilities of the soil, and the conditions of life are at best hard. The emigration movement has not as yet been fairly tested, but the disposition of the people themselves is favourable to it, though the official authorities at Reykjavik at present discountenance it. The prejudices of the latter will probably, ere long, give way; and we find the Norwegian papers, which circulate widely throughout the island, and



the learned Dr Hjaltalin—an authority on most matters connected with Iceland—strongly recommending a systematised emigration. The Icelander, strong of body and brain, would make such a settler as the Canadian government, or that of any of our Australian colonies, might be glad to welcome; while at home he is frequently little better than an idler, from sheer lack of an adequate stimulus to labour and enterprise. The terse epigrammatic way in which our author sums up the whole *rationale*, as we may call it, of emigration is worth quoting. For many years he has wondered 'how or why a poor man ever lives in England, or a rich man in America.' Possibly Captain Burton would say the same in regard to emigration to all our various colonies; but is it not lucky for these that every one is not of the same opinion? It would be rather hard on America and our colonies if all successful settlers were to desert their shores as soon as they had become rich and serviceable to the state.

The other two means by which Captain Burton believes the temporal well-being of the Icelanders is capable of great improvement—namely, the further development of the fisheries and the sulphur mines—are treated in detail with great care and completeness.

## THE FLAG OF DISTRESS.

### CHAPTER XLI.—PANAMA? OR SANTIAGO?

It is the hour for setting the first night-watch, and the bells have been struck; not to summon any sailor, but only intended for the ears of Captain Lantanas in the cabin below, lest the absence of the usual sound should awake suspicion. The men of both watches are on deck; assembled by the manger-board, to take measures for carrying out their scheme of piracy and plunder, now on the eve of execution. The general plan is already understood by all; it but remains to settle some final details.

Considering the atrocity of their design, it is painful to see the first-mate, Harry Blew, in their midst. O man! O British sailor! where is your gratitude? What has become of your honour—your oath? The first gone, the second disreputable, the last broken!

Soon as together, the pirates enter upon discussion. The first question which comes before them is about the place where they shall land. Upon this point there is difference of opinion. Some are for going ashore at once, on that part of the coast in sight. Others counsel running on till they enter Panama Bay. At the head of those in favour of the latter course is the chief-mate, while the majority, controlled by Gomez and Padilla, take an opposite view. Gomez, who is their spokesman, argues in favour of landing, soon as they can find a suitable place, and making direct for Santiago, the chief town of Veragua. He gives his reasons, saying:

'It isn't over a good day's journey from the coast. And we can reach it by an easy road. But that's not the thing of greatest importance. What most concerns us is the safety of the place when we get to it—and I can answer for Santiago. Unless customs have changed since I used to trifle away some time there, and people too, we'll find those who'll shew us hospitality. With the

money at our disposal—ay, a tenth part of it—I could buy up the *alcalde* of the town, and every judge in the province.'

'That's the sort of town for us—and country too!' exclaim several in a breath.

'We'll first have to put about,' explains Gomez, 'and run along the coast, till we find an opening in the reef.'

'Yes,' rejoins Harry Blew, speaking satirically, and as if annoyed by the majority going against him. 'An' if we put about just now, we'll stand a good chance of goin' slap on them rocks on the port beam. Thar's a line o' white caps along shore, far's I can see. How's a boat to be got through them? She'd be bilged to a sartinty.'

'There are breakers,' admits Gomez; 'but not continuous; I remember there are several openings where a boat, or a ship for that matter, may be safely got through.'

'*Vaya, camaradas!*' exclaims Padilla, with a gesture of impatience. 'We're wasting time, which just now is valuable. Let's have the barque about, and stand along the coast, as Gil Gomez proposes; I second his proposal; but if you like, let it go to a vote.'

'No need; we all agree to it.'

'Yes; all of us.'

'Well, shipmates,' says Harry Blew, seeing himself obliged to give way, and conceding the point with apparent reluctance; 'if ye're all in favour o' steerin' up coast, I an't goin' to stand out against it. It be the same to me one way or t'other. So to Santiago let's go. But if the barque's to be put about, I tell ye there's no time to be lost. Otherways, we'll go into them white caps, sure, the which wud send this craft to Davy Jones sooner than we intended.'

'Plenty of sea-room,' says the second-mate, 'if we about with her at once!'

'You see to it, Padilla!' directs Gomez, who, from his success in having his plan adopted in opposition to that of the first-officer, thinks he may now take command.

The second-mate starts aft, and going up to the helmsman, whispers a word or two in his ear. Instantly the helm is put hard up, and the barque paying off, wears round from east to west-nor-west. The sailors at the same time brace about her yards, and trim her sails for the changed course; executing the manœuvre, not, as is usual, with a chorused chant, but silently, as if the ship were a spectre, and her crew but shadows!

The barque is now about a league's distance from land; and half-way between are the breakers, their roar sounding ominously through the calm quiet of the night. The vessel making but little way—only two or three knots an hour—one proposes that the boat be lowered at once, and such traps as they intend taking put into her. In such a tranquil sea it will tow alongside in safety. As this will be so much work in advance, the plan is approved of; and they proceed to its execution; the pinnace being selected, as the most suitable boat for beaching. Clustering around it, they commence operations. Two leap lightly into it, ship the rudder, secure the oars and boat-hooks, clear the life-lines, and cast off the lanyards of the girdles; the others holding the fall-tackle in hand, to see that they are clear for running. Then taking a proper turn, they lower away.

Other movements succeed; the pirates passing to



and from the fore-castle, carrying canvas bags, and bundles of clothing, with such other of their belongings as they deem necessary for a debarkation like that intended. A barrel of pork, another of biscuit, and a beaker of water, are also turned out, and handed down into the boat; not forgetting a keg containing rum, and several bottles of wine they have purloined from the ship's stores.

In silence, but with no great show of caution or stealth, are all these movements made. They have but little fear of being detected, some scarce caring if they be. Indeed, there is no one to observe them, who is not taking part. For the negro cook, after dressing the dinner, and serving it, has gone out of the galley for good, and now acting as steward, keeps below in the cabin waiting on the guests at table.

Soon everything is stowed away in the pinnace, except that which is to form its most precious freight; and again the piratical crew bring their heads together, to arrange about the final step; the time to take which is fast drawing nigh. A thing so serious calls for calm deliberation, or, at all events, there must be a thorough understanding among them. For it is the disposal of those they have destined as the victims of their villainy. All quite understand how this is to be done, though nothing definite has yet been said of it. Even the most hardened among them shrinks from putting it in plain words. Still is it tacitly understood; the ladies are to be taken along, the others to be dealt with in a different way.

For a time they stand silent, waiting for one who has the hardihood to speak. There is one who has all this, a ruffian of unmitigated type, whose breast is not moved by the slightest throb of humanity. It is the second-mate, Padilla. Breaking silence, he says: 'Let's get the women into the boat, and heave the others overboard, and have done with it!'

The horrible proposition, despite the auditory to whom it is addressed, does not find favourable response. Several speak in opposition to it; Harry Blew first and loudest. Though broken his word, and forfeited his faith, the British sailor is not so abandoned as to contemplate murder in such a cool deliberate manner. Some of those around him have no doubt committed it; but *he* does not yet feel up to it. Opposing Padilla's counsel, he says: 'What need for our killin' them at all? For my part, I don't see any.'

'And for your part, what would you do?' sneeringly retorts the second-mate.

'Give them a chance for their lives.'

'How?' promptly asks Padilla.

'Why; if we set the barque's head out to sea and trim her sails right, as the wind's off-shore, she'd soon carry them beyond sight o' land, and we'd never hear another word about 'em.'

'Carrai!' exclaims Padilla scornfully; 'that would be a wise way. Just the one to get our throats in the *garrota*. You forget that Don Gregorio Montijo is a man of the big grandee kind. And should he ever set foot ashore after what we'd done to him, he'd have influence enough to make most places, if not the whole of the earth, too hot for us. There's an old saw, about dead men telling no tales. No doubt most of you have heard it, and some know it to be a true one. Take my advice, *camarados*, and let

us act up to it. What's your opinion, Señor Gomez?'

'Since you ask for it,' responds Gomez, speaking for the first time on this special matter, 'my opinion is that there's no need for any difference among us. Mr Blew's against killing them, and so would I, if it could be avoided. But it can't with safety to ourselves; at least not in the way he has suggested. To do as he says would be madness on our part—more, it might be suicide. I think I know a way that will save us from actually murdering them, and secure our own safety all the same.'

'What way?' demand several voices.

'One simple enough; so simple, I wonder you haven't all thought of it, as well as I. Of course, we intend sending this pretty craft to the bottom of the sea. But she is not likely to go down till we're a good way off—altogether out of sight. We can leave them aboard, and let them slip quietly down along with her!'

'Why, that's just what Blew proposes,' say several.

'True,' returns Gomez; 'but not exactly as I mean it. He'd leave them free to go about the ship—perhaps get off her when she sinks, on a sofa, or spar, or something.'

'Then how would you do with them?' asks one impatiently.

'Bind the gentlemen before bidding them adieu.'

'Bah!' exclaims Padilla, a monster to whom cold blood seems congenial. 'What's the use of being at all that bother? It's sure to bring trouble. The skipper will resist, and so'll the old Don. What then? We'll be compelled to knock them on the head all the same, or toss them overboard. So let's put a stopper on them at once!'

'Why, man!' cries Striker, hitherto only a listener, but a backer of Harry Blew; 'you 'pear to 'a been practisin' a queery plan in jobs o' this sort. That o' Gomez be far the best way, same as I've seed in the Australian bush, where they an't so blood-thirsty. When they stick up a chap there, so long's he don't cut up nasty, they settle things by splicin' him to a tree, an' leavin' him to his meditations. Why can't we do the same wi' the skipper an' the Don—supposin' 'em to shew refractory?'

'That's it!' exclaims Davis, strengthening the proposal thus endorsed by his chum Striker. 'My old pal's got the correct idea of sich things.'

'Besides,' continues the older of the ex-convicts, 'this job seem to me simple enuf. We want the swag, an' some seems to be wantin' the gals. Well; we can git both 'thout the needcessity o' doin' murder!'

'I tell you what,' interposes Harry Blew, 'for myself, as I've said, I object to killing or the sight o' blood, where it an't a absolute needcessity. True, by leavin' them aboard an' tied, as Mr Gomez advises, they'll get drowned, for sartin; but it'll keep our hands clear o' red murder!'

'That's true!' cry several in assent. 'Let's take the Australian way of it, and tie them up!'

The assenting voices are in the majority; and the compromise suggested by Gomez is carried. So far everything is fixed. It but remains to arrange about the action, and apportion to every one his part. This soon settled; the first-officer, assisted by Davis, who has some knowledge of ship-

carpentry, is to see to the scuttling of the vessel; Velarde and Hernandez to take charge of the girls, and get them into the boat; Gomez to see to the steering of the vessel; the second-mate to head the party intrusted with the seizure of the gold; while Striker and the Frenchman are to tie up the unfortunate men whose lives are to be sacrificed. The atrocious plan is complete in all its revolting details—the hour of its execution at hand.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—THE DREADED TINTORERAS.

With all sail set, the barque glides silently on—to her doom! Gomez has taken charge of the steering, he alone having any knowledge of the coast. They are less than a league from land, shaving close along the outer edge of the breakers. The breeze now blowing off-shore makes it easy to keep clear of them.

There is high land on the starboard-bow, gradually drawing more distinct. Gomez fancies he remembers it. And soon is sure; for in the clear moonlight is disclosed the outline of a hill, which, once seen, could not easily be forgotten; a *cerro* with two summits, and a *col* or saddle-like depression between.

Yes; he is certain he has seen that double-headed hill before. Still, though a conspicuous landmark, it does not point out any landing-place, only that they are entering the great gulf which here indents the Veraguan coast.

As the barque moves on, bringing the hill abeam, he sees a reach of clear water opening inland. To all appearance a bay, with mouth miles in width.

He would run into it, but is forbidden by the breakers, whose froth-crested belt extends across its entrance from cape to cape. Running past, he again closes on the land, now within less than a league, and soon has the two-headed hill abeam, its singular silhouette conspicuous against the moonlit sky; all the more from the moon being beyond and low down, shewing between the twin summits like a great globe lamp there suspended. When nearly opposite, he observes an open space in the line of breakers, easily told by its dark tranquil surface, which contrasts with the white horse-tails lashing up on each side of it.

Soon as sighting it, Gomez drops the wheel, intrusting it to the Dutch sailor; as he does so, giving the latter directions how to steer. Then leaving the poop he proceeds towards the ship's waist, where he finds all the others ready for action. Striker and La Crosse with pieces of rope for making fast the ill-fated men; Padilla and his party armed with axes and crowbars—the keys with which they intend to open the locker-doors.

Near the main-mast stands the first-mate, a lighted lantern in his hand, Davis beside him, with auger, mallet, and chisel. They are by the main-hatchway, which they have opened, evidently intending descent into the hold. With the lantern concealed under the skirt of his ample dreadnought, Harry Blew stands within the shadow of the mast, as if reflecting on his faithlessness, ashamed to let his face be seen. He even seems reluctant to proceed in the black business, while affecting the opposite. As the others are now occupied in various ways, with their eyes off him, he steps out to the ship's side, and looks over the rail. The moon is now full upon his face, which, under her soft innocent beams, shews an expres-

sion difficult as ever to interpret. The most skilled physiognomist could not read it. There is sign of more than one emotion striving within his breast, mingling together, or succeeding each other, quick as the changing hues of the chameleon. Now, it seems guilty cupidity, now remorse, anon the dark shadow of despair! The last growing darker, he draws nearer to the side, and looks more earnestly over, as if about to plunge into the sea, and so rid himself of a life ever after to be a burden!

While standing thus, apparently hesitating as to whether he should drown himself, and have done with it, soft voices sound in his ears, mingling their tones with the breeze, as it sighs through the rigging of the ship. Simultaneously there is a rustling of dresses, and the moment after he sees two female forms, robed in white, with shawls over their shoulders, and kerchiefs covering their heads. Stepping out on the quarter-deck, they stand for a short while, the moon shining on their faces, both bright and cheerful as her beams. Then they stroll aft, little dreaming of the doom that awaits them.

Their unsuspecting innocence should soften his traitorous heart. Instead, it seems to steel it the more—as if their presence but recalled, and quickened within him some vow of revenge. He hesitates no longer; but gliding back to the hatch, climbs over its coaming, and lantern in hand, descends into the hold—there to do a deed which light of moon, or sun, should not shine upon.

Though within the tropics, and but a few degrees from the equatorial line, there is chillness in the air of the night, now nearing its mid-hours. Drawing their cloaks closely around them, the young ladies mount up to the poop, and stand resting their hands on the taffrail. For a time they are silent; their eyes turned astern, watching the foam in the ship's wake lit up with dancing phosphorescence. They observe other sparkling scintillations beside those in the *Condor's* wake. There are broad splashes of it all over the surface of the sea, with here and there elongated *sillons*, seemingly made by some creatures in motion, swimming parallel to the ship's course, and keeping pace with her. The two girls have not voyaged through thirty degrees of the Pacific Ocean to be now told what these are. They know them to be sharks, as also that some of larger size and brighter luminosity are those of the *tintorera*—that species so much dreaded by the pearl-divers of Panama Bay and the Gulf of California. This night, both *tiburones* and *tintoreras* are more numerous than they have before observed them—closer also to the vessel's side; for the sharks, observantly, have seen a boat lowered down, which gives anticipation of prey nearer reach of their ravenous jaws.

'*Santissima!*' exclaims Carmen, as one makes a dash at some waif drifting astern. 'What a fearful thing it would be to fall overboard in the midst of those horrid creatures! One wouldn't have the slightest chance of being saved. Only to think how little space there is between us and certain death! You see that monster just below, with its great, glaring eyes! It looks as if it wanted to leap up and lay hold of us. Ugh! I mustn't keep my eyes on it any longer. It makes

me tremble in a strange way. I do believe, if I continued gazing at it, I should grow giddy, and drop over into its jaws! Sobrina, are you not glad we're so near the end of our voyage?"

"I'm not sorry, *tia*—I fancy no one ever is. I should be more pleased, however, if it were the end of our voyage, which unfortunately it isn't. Before we see Spain, we've another equally as long."

"True—as long in duration and distance. But otherwise, it may be very different, and I hope more endurable. Across the Atlantic we'll have passage in a big steam-ship, with a grand dining-saloon and state sleeping-rooms, each in itself as large as the main cabin of the *Condor*. Besides, we'll have plenty of company—passengers like ourselves. Let us hope they may turn out nice people. If so, our Atlantic voyage will be more enjoyable than this on the Pacific."

"But we've been very comfortable in the *Condor*; and I'm sure Captain Lantanas has done all he could to make things agreeable for us."

"He has indeed, the dear good creature; and I shall ever feel grateful to him. Still you must admit, that however well meant, we've been at times a little bored by his learned dissertations. O Inez, it's been awfully lonely and frightfully monotonous—at least, to me."

"Ah! I understand. What you want is a bevy of bachelors as fellow-passengers, to enliven one. Well; I suppose there will be in the big steamer. Like enough, a half-score of our mustached *militarios*, returning from Cuba and other colonies. Wouldn't that make our Atlantic voyage enjoyable?"

"Not mine—nothing of the sort, as you know, Inez. To speak truth, it was neither the loneliness nor monotony of our Pacific voyage that has made it so miserable. Something else."

"I think I can guess the something else."

"If so, you'll be clever. It's more than I can."

"Might it have anything to do with those cold parting compliments, and the informal leave-taking? Of course it has. Come, Carmen! You promised me you'd think no more about that, till we see them in Cadiz, and have it all cleared up."

"You're wrong again, Inez. It is not anything of them."

"What then? It can't be the *mal de mer*? Of it I might complain. I'm even suffering from it now; although the sea is so calm. But you! why you stand the sea as well as one of those rough sailors themselves! You're just the woman to be a naval officer's wife; and when your *novio* gets command of a ship, I suppose you'll be for sailing all round the world with him."

"You're merry, *mora*."

"Well; who wouldn't be, with the prospect of so soon setting foot on land. For my part, I detest the sea; and when I marry my little *guardia-marina*, I'll make him forsake it, and take to some pleasanter profession. And if he prefer doing nothing, by good-luck the rent of my lands will keep us both comfortably, with something to spare for a town house in Cadiz. But come, Carmen! Tell me what's troubling you? Surely you must know it."

"Surely I don't, Inez. I can't tell myself."

"That's strange, a mystery. Might it be regret at leaving behind your *preux chevaliers* of California—that grand, gallant De Lara, whom, at our last interview, we saw sprawling in the road-dust?"

You ought to feel relieved at getting rid of him, as I of my importunate suitor, the Señor Calderon. By the way, I wonder whatever became of them? Only to think of their never coming near us to say good-bye! And that nothing was seen or heard of them afterwards! Something must have happened. What could it have been? I've tried to think, but without succeeding."

"So I the same. It is indeed very strange; though I fancy father heard something about them which he does not wish to make known to us. You remember what happened after we'd left the house—those men coming to it in the night. Father has an idea they intended taking his gold, believing it still there. What's more, I think he half suspects that of the four men—for there appear to have been four of them—two were no other than our old acquaintances—she had almost said suitors, but the word gives her a spasm of pain—'Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon.'"

"*Maria de Merced!*" exclaims Inez. "It's frightful to think of such a thing. And we ought to be thankful to the good saint for saving us from such villains; as glad to get away from a country where their like are allowed to live."

"Sobrina, you've touched the point. The very thought that's been distressing me is the remembrance of those men. Even since leaving San Francisco, as before we left, I've had a strange heaviness on my heart—a sort of boding fear—that we haven't yet seen the last of them. It haunts me like a spectre. I can't tell why, unless it be from what I know of De Lara. He's not the man to submit to that great defeat of which we were witnesses; he assured he will seek to avenge it. We expected a duel, and feared it. Likely there would have been one, but for the sailing of the English ship. Still that won't hinder such a desperate man as Don Francisco from going after Señor Crozier, and trying to kill him, any way he can. I have a fear he'll follow him—is after him now."

"What if he is? Your *fiancé* can take care of himself. As so can mine, if Calderon should get into his silly head to go after him. Let them go, so long as they don't come after us; which they're not likely—all the way to Spain."

"I'm not so sure of that. Such as they may make their way anywhere. Professional gamblers—as we now know them to be—travel to all parts of the world. All cities give them the same opportunity to pursue their outlawed calling—why not Cadiz? But, Inez, there's something I haven't told you, thinking you might make mock of it. I've had a fright more than once—several times, since we came aboard the *Condor*."

"A fright! what sort of a fright?"

"If you promise not to laugh at me, I'll tell you?"

"I promise. I won't."

"'Twould be no laughing matter were it true. But, of course, it could only be fancy."

"Fancy about what? Go on, *tia*! I'm all impatience."

"About the sailors on board. All have bad faces; some of them like very *demoniac*. But there's one has particularly impressed me. Would you believe it, Inez, he has eyes exactly like De Lara's! His features, too, resemble those of Don Francisco, only that the sailor has a great beard and whiskers, while he had none. Of course the

resemblance can be only accidental. Still, it caused me a start, when I first observed it, and has several times since. Never more than this very morning, when I was up here and saw that man. He was at the wheel, all by himself, steering. Several times, on turning suddenly round, I caught him looking straight at me, staring in the most insolent manner. I had half a mind to complain to Captain Lantanas; but reflecting that we were so near the end of our voyage—

She is not permitted to say more. For at the moment, a man springing up to the poop, as if he had risen out of it, stands before her; the sailor who resembles De Lara! Making a low bow, he says:

'Not near the end of your voyage, señorita—but at it;' adding with an ironical smile: 'Now, ladies! you are going ashore. The boat is down; and, combining business with pleasure, it's my duty to hand you into it.'

While he is speaking, another of the sailors approaches Inez. It is Hernandez, who offers his services in a similar strain.

For a moment, the young ladies are speechless, through sheer surprise. Horror succeeds, as the truth flashes upon them. And then, instead of coherent speech, they make answer by a simultaneous shriek; at the same time attempting to retreat towards the companion-stair.

Not a step is permitted them. They are seized in strong arms; and half-dragged, half-lifted off their feet, hurried away from the taffrail. Even their cries are hindered, by huge woollen caps drawn over their heads, and down to their chins, almost stifling them. Though no longer seeing, and but indistinctly hearing, they can tell where they are being taken. They feel themselves lifted over the vessel's side, and lowered down man-ropes into a boat; along the bottom of which they are finally laid, and held fast—as if they had fallen into the jaws of those terrible *tintoreras* they saw keeping company with the ship!

### THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

BUT a short while since, and no sign of the promised Westminster Aquarium met the eye of the passers-by, save a square black board with the words, 'This is the Site of the Westminster Garden and Aquarium,' and a row of palings, and some workmen engaged in excavating the ground, from which were eventually to rise the fair proportions of a vast and beautiful structure.

Now, the towering dome and noble sculptured walls of the promised palace of delight are no longer mere castles in the air; day by day adds to their beauty, and brings them nearer to completion; and on the 10th of December, it is expected that the Winter Garden and Aquarium, the warm, cosy home provided for rare trees and plants and flowers, the mighty tanks of sea-water wherein shall sport sea-creatures innumerable, will be thrown open to the public, and inaugurated by a fête. Though no one could possibly have a word to say against our old and tried friends, the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces, still it must be admitted they labour under the same disadvantages as people whom we like very much indeed, living at a great distance from us, of whom we cannot pos-

sibly see as much as we could wish, because of the time it takes to get to them.

Length of journey is a matter of no small moment to those who are desirous of amusing themselves to the utmost, and are not gifted with an unlimited income wherewith to do so. Now, the Westminster Aquarium will be within an easy journey from almost all parts of London, either by the Metropolitan Railway or omnibus; and thus the means of enjoying the best music, and of revelling in the sight of the brightest gems of art, will be within easy grasp of the great mass of the people, and that at even less than ordinary cost of travel, since the Underground Railway is to issue tickets for the Aquarium at reduced fares. That Mr Arthur Sullivan has undertaken the directorship of the musical part of the programme, is sufficient guarantee for the order of melody with which our ears will be greeted, and which we know will be at once attractive to the mass of the people, and agreeable to the most refined and fastidious connoisseur; while the name of Mr Loyd, as manager of the aquaria with which the building will abound, brings before our mind's eye a vision of tanks, crystal clear, wherein aquatic creatures of every conceivable form congregate. We know that the elegant movements of the flat-fish will delight our eyes with their wonderful undulating progression through the water; and that the horrible *Prieure*, looking like the denizen of Victor Hugo's cave, seen through a diminishing glass, will display his dreadful eyes and parrot-like beak to our present edification and subsequent nightmare.

Aquaria open to the naturalist the most admirable means of careful observation, whereby not only the habits of fishes, and still lowlier forms of life, may be closely studied, but the mind led to appreciate the varied and marvellous beauties of form, and modes of progression, of many animals which we have been in the habit of considering commonplace and valueless, beyond their usefulness as mere articles of food. Who, for instance, seeing the common flat-fish, such as sole and plaice, lying on the slab of a fishmonger's shop, could imagine that, seen in their native element, these creatures present that graceful ribbon-like appearance which no one who visits an aquarium fails to be delighted with?

In this respect—namely, combining instruction with amusement—the Westminster Aquarium will be peculiarly happy, as every possible facility is to be given for the delivery of popular lectures, and an extensive library provided.

The idea of this undertaking originated with Mr Wybrow Robertson; and a long list of influential names composes the Council of Fellows; while Mr Bruce Phillips, a son of the late Dr Samuel Phillips, has undertaken the duties of secretary. Mr Phillips appears to be a man of great energy; has already a brilliant reputation as an essayist and reviewer, and has worked at the Crystal Palace under Mr George Grove.

We may, then, safely say that the Westminster Aquarium—this new queen amidst the beauties of London—will make a début in which everything unites to secure a brilliant success; and it is no small advantage, that admission to her court will be obtainable for the small sum of one shilling, so that the working-man can enjoy all the numerous resources of that court, equally with the upper



ten-thousand. It is now time for us to say something as to the appearance and arrangement of this vast building.

It covers a ground space of nearly three acres, the land of which cost fifty thousand pounds. The structure itself is about six hundred feet long, and two hundred and forty feet in its greatest width. Constructed of red brick and Portland stone, there appear at intervals gracefully sculptured groups of double cornucopias, of flowers and fruits, alternating with other groups formed of twin-dolphins; while over the main entrance stands a fine figure of Britannia, who aspires, apparently, not only to rule the waves of the ocean, but also the ripples of the aquarium at Westminster.

Some fine granite pillars ornament the upper end of the building, and an arched roof of glass spans the whole. The interior will have two stories, and the great salt-water tank will hold no less than six hundred thousand gallons; a volume of water that is expected to be kept fresh for a period of ten years, by means of a complicated machinery, which will keep it in perpetual motion.

Doubtless, a grand collection of sea-anemones, and all those beautiful creations which stand on the border-land between the vegetable and animal world, will be gathered together, and viewed with delight. Nor will pleasant accessories be wanting. The orchestra, that is to be capable of containing a thousand performers, and the large organ, sound suggestive of an ample musical provision. Indeed, we are promised a concert twice daily, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening. On Sunday afternoon, the Winter Garden is to be open to Fellows and those friends on whom they may be graciously pleased to bestow 'orders;' so that a rival to the 'Zoo' will exist, and one that is far more easily reached. Flower-shows, fancy fêtes, &c. will throughout the season be held in the great central hall, nor will literary conversazioni and artistic gatherings be unknown. A reading and writing room is also to add to the comfort of visitors. Immediately above the aquaria, galleries, forty feet in width, extend all round the building. In these will be located the Picture and Fine-art exhibitions, and a Museum.

At present it is very difficult to judge of the appearance which the interior will ultimately present, but we are told fountains will play, flowers bloom on every side, and creeping-plants make the columns lovely. To the Picture and Fine-art gallery, offers of the most generous contributions have been already received from the magnates and art-princes of the land.

Perhaps this short paper will be hardly complete without a word as to the financial aspects of the scheme. Shares are to be obtained at five pounds each—one pound to be paid on application, two pounds on allotment, and the balance in two payments of one pound each. Encouraged, no doubt, by the names of those who are at the head of the undertaking, the public have come forward with confidence and alacrity to take these shares.

A paper printed by the managers of the scheme, and to be obtained at the offices, Broadway Chambers, Westminster, gives, amongst other items, the rules for the election and privileges of Fellows or Members. We read there that 'the superficial feet of glass for the tanks will be just on two thousand feet. Perhaps the best idea of the massiveness of the work is to be gained by going underground.

Descending a ladder, you find yourself in a large tunnel, lofty enough for a wagon of hay to pass through. It is like an ancient Roman cloaca. The foundation of it is four feet of concrete; next above that, bricks; then Portland cement; then, next to the feet, asphalt. This last is used, because it has been found that salt water acts upon cement, and in time causes a leak. This cloaca is divided into three sections, one of which will contain fresh water; the others, salt; and the stream flowing from these tanks being constantly oxygenised, is kept in continual circulation. Through these means, the sea and fresh water will remain pure for years without change—indeed, the water at the Crystal Palace, Hamburg, and Paris has never been yet changed, though these aquaria have been in existence many years.'

Surely, every one must heartily wish every success to the Westminster Aquarium and Winter Garden. Truly, as was well said at the luncheon given some time ago by some of the members of the Council, if the Prince Consort had been spared to England till now, he would have entered heart and soul into an undertaking so calculated to further the amusement and intellectual improvement of the people.

#### 'RUBBISH.'

STRANGE as it may be to say so, those who pick up and utilise the rejected trifles are benefactors to society. Let this be a comfort to dustmen, scavengers, bone-grubbers, and rag-pickers; they are not mere pariahs and dirty outcasts. Dirty they must usually be, in person and in garments; but they work hard to obtain a living by means which are, generally speaking, honest. Not only do they find money's value among rubbish, but they prevent this rubbish from tainting the air by unchecked decay.

Let us instance the large dust-heaps which are to be seen in some of the outlying districts of the metropolis. The peripatetic dustmen call at the inhabited houses, and cart away the contents of the dust-bins or cellars. The medley of odds and ends is consigned to a heap in the dust-contractor's yard, where it undergoes a minute scrutiny; for no article worth a single farthing is allowed to pass unnoticed. The worst part of the affair is that this scrutiny is mainly done by women—women in unwomanly dirt doing unwomanly work. Men begin to work upon the heap by picking out and laying aside the larger kinds of miscellanies—such as old coal-scuttles and tin sauce-pans, old hats and bonnets, crinolines, &c. Then come the women, squatting down on the unsavoury heap, each with sieves and baskets around her. The old bottles and phials can be sold for use again; the glass can be remelted; the bones can be rendered productive of fat, marrow, gelatine, phosphorus, and made available for fertilising the soil; the old saucepans can have the tin and the solder removed from the sheet-iron; the old boots and shoes are sold to men who vamp them up in such a style that their former owners assuredly would not know them again; the rags

go to the paper-maker and the shoddy manufacturer; the house-cloths and dishcloths, redolent of grease, are eagerly bought by hop-growers as manure; the bits of bread are roughly cleaned, and not unfrequently eaten by the finders; the coal-dust and fine ashes are available for brick-burning; while bits of wood are useful for lighting fires. The contractor knows where to find a market for each and all of these dust-covered treasures.

The rag-bag is a special variety of dust-heap, with a more limited range of contents, and much greater value in a given weight. When a tailor has made a new coat, and a seamstress a new shirt, there are bits left too small to be useful for mending, and too valuable to be burnt or otherwise destroyed. And when that same coat and same shirt have been worn out in the fulfilment of their duty of clothing humanity, the fibres are still useful, if men can devise means of making them so. And men have devised means. As some time ago mentioned by us in treating of 'Waste Materials,' Yorkshire manufacturers have constructed shoddy machinery, by which woollen rags, new and old, can be torn up fibre from fibre, and mixed with new wool for spinning again into yarn, and weaving again into cloth. Those who laugh and sneer at shoddy are not quite justified in so doing; for it is now known that really warm and serviceable garments can be obtained from such materials, at moderate prices. The fault consists in passing off the product as if made wholly of new wool. The shoddy manufacturers of Dewsbury and Batley buy woollen rags from all parts of the world. London sends old stockings, white flannel, carpeting, serge, and cuttings of various kinds; Germany transmits its store of old knitted gray and white stockings; while the remains of old coats and gowns come in from all quarters. Very good samples are called *mungo*, those of inferior quality, *shoddy*—names that puzzle etymologists not a little. So excessively does the value vary, that the best kinds in scarce seasons have risen to as much as ten pounds per hundredweight, while the worst in plentiful seasons can scarcely command half as many shillings.

The linen contents of the rag-bag are still more eagerly appropriated than the woollen; for linen continues to be, as it has been for many centuries, the best material for making the best paper. It is from necessity rather than choice that the paper manufacturer makes large use of materials such as esparto-grass; rags are too few and too dear to supply his wants. The English rag-bag is quite insufficient for this purpose; so we import thousands of tons every year from foreign countries. It is a little curious that rags give some insight into the social habits of different nations; for wholesale buyers find that rags from Southern Europe are much more dirty, tattered, and discoloured than those from more northern countries—explain it how we may. Quite detailed is the classification which the dealer gives to his rags—

finest, seconds, blues, ducks, light fustians, light prints, thirds, black cottons, common sheeting; he appraises each and all, after grouping them. The 'finest' are the clean white linen or cotton shirts; the 'seconds' are soiled white garments, and the linings of women's dresses; the 'thirds' are corduroys, fustians, and printed cottons; 'new pieces' are the cuttings accumulated by shirt and collar makers and seamstresses, and the ends of cotton pieces; and so on.

The old-clothesman who comes to your house, and declares he will give a splendid price for any old hats, coats, boots, dresses, shawls, or other garments you may have to dispose of, would scorn to call himself a ragman; he buys garments to sell again, more or less doctored up; but still these garments come to the state of rags in the long-run, and are then consigned to the shoddy-mill and the pulp-vat; or, in the case of old boots and shoes, after being cobbled up till they will hold together no longer, they are ground to powder, pressed into a cake, and used for the inner soles of cheap boots. Another kind of itinerant is he who comes to your house with offers to buy old broken flint-glass, bottles, &c.; and he will willingly be a buyer of rags also. A third group of itinerants comprises the humblest of all, the veritable grubbers, who poke about in the gutters with a hooked stick, and hoist bones, rags, old metal, and what not into their bags.

There is one class of itinerants so interesting as to deserve special notice—the *Rag Brigade*, comprising poor boys who are trained to a humble but honest mode of earning a living. Some years ago, a Committee of the House of Commons, investigating the subject of the paper-duty, reported that 'not more than four-tenths of the rags of this country are preserved; if the remaining six-tenths could be returned to be manufactured, there would be no necessity to go to foreign markets for some twenty-five per cent. of the rags now required for the paper-manufacture of England.' This statement furnished a hint to the Ragged School Society. There had been established a *Shoe-black Brigade*: why not a *Rag-collecting Brigade*? Trucks were thereupon provided, and poor boys trained; the trucks were numbered, and the boys clothed in a serviceable uniform. A printed tariff was prepared, shewing how much money was to be offered for each kind of refuse. The *collectors* are the elder boys, who make purchases and manage the cash; the *assistants* are younger boys, to draw the trucks, and otherwise act under the collectors; while the *sorters* are employed at the warehouse or depot. Every truck has its round or beat, and returns in the evening with a collected store of odds and ends, honestly paid for in money. Paper, rags, old metal, glass, old ropes, bones—all are bought; and the boys have gone so far as to buy, and bring home to the superintendent, a cocked-hat, the trappings for a hearse, a bag with a million of cancelled postage-stamps, and other unexpected things.

The wardrobe-dealers and the marine-store dealers are not peripatetic; they keep shops. The former buy, not rags, but cast-off garments, which mostly go to clothe a humbler and still humbler grade of wearers, until reduced to veritable rags at last. The marine-store dealers buy all that the Rag Brigade buy, and more besides.

Paris exhibits all these phases as well as London,

with certain points of difference. Our Cloth Fair and Petticoat Lane are paralleled by the Parisian 'Halle aux Vieux Linges,' or Old Clothes Mart.

Whatever we may say of our own English rag-pickers and grubbers, those of Paris unquestionably take precedence, in number, organisation, and peculiarities. The *chiffonnier* of that capital is quite a character. With his *hotte* or square basket strapped to his back, his *crochet* or iron-pointed stick in one hand, and a lantern in the other, he goes forth at evenfall to grub up what Paris has thrown into the gutter; and Paris, we may observe, has the reputation of throwing much more out into the streets than is customary in the English metropolis. He pokes his *crochet* into the small heaps of rubbish, and quickly hooks up into his basket everything that by bare possibility may be worth a fraction of a farthing. Bits of paper, rags of woollen and cotton garments, bones, bits of bread, old iron and other metals—all go pell-mell into the *hotte*. He knows very well how to make a market of them. The paper is converted into *papier-mâché*: bits of scarlet cloth have the dye taken out of them, to make a stain for turnery and carvings; the other bits of woollen-ware are available to be ground up into flock for paper-hangings, and the cotton and linen rags for the paper-maker's pulp-vat; while the bones yield gelatine, bone-black, &c. The scraps of bread he may eat if he likes; but probably he sells them to M. Chapellier, who has established a singular trade—that of buying up stale bits of bread from all quarters, rebaking them, grinding them down, and selling them as bread-crumbs for use in diverse kinds of French cookery. The *chiffonnier* is a sort of gipsy, living apart from other social grades, and not dressing like them. He hates dogs, and dogs hate him, for they sometimes purloin from the rubbish-heaps titbits which he would fain appropriate to himself. Most of these men are too poor to work on their own account; they engage with master-*chiffonniers*, who provide them with squalid lodgings, and buy the contents of the baskets at stipulated rates. These masters undertake the frowzy work of separating the medley of odds and ends, parcelling out the linen and woollen rags, paper, old metal, bones, &c., and finding a market for everything. The *chiffonniers* have their favourite *table-d'hôte*, where a *ragout* can be had for a few sous. They also have their club, where rules are laid down as to the round or beat for each man. A philanthropist, M. Vervier, has done much good, by inducing them to maintain a benefit society.

A rag-pickers' ball! Whoever could have imagined such a thing? And what people on earth would hold such an assembly, except the French? That Paris is not ignorant of such high jinks, has been shewn so recently as the month of September. A correspondent of one of the London newspapers, strolling on a fine evening through a frowzy and poverty-stricken part of the city, espied a doorway with an illuminated inscription, *Bal*—a very Babel of tongues outside, and sounds of revelry within. Knowing he was near the low lodging-houses of the *chiffonniers*, he hazarded the safety of his person and pockets, and resolved to see what this *bal* meant. A small payment of six sous (threepence) not only obtained for him admission, but also the luxury of a *demi-litre bouteille* of Bordeaux wine—which of course he

was not obliged to drink unless he chose. Within the entrance was a long and narrow room, lined around the walls with deal tables and benches, at which *chiffonniers* of both sexes were quaffing their thin sour wine; some musicians were at the farther end, while the rest of the room was kept clear for dancing. In full whirl and high enjoyment were the dancers. 'The women, miserably clad, and in many cases without shoes or stockings, moved about quietly enough; indeed, to any one unacquainted with a mode of motion peculiar to Frenchwomen, they might almost have seemed like witches exercising some spell over the movements of their victims; for men possessed of a thousand fiends could not have performed more delirious gyrations than some of their partners. One of them I noticed especially, a fierce-looking, unshaven fellow; with his cap planted at the back of his unkempt bushy head, his chin twisted sideways in the air, he put his arms and legs through a variety of the wildest movements, sometimes lifting his feet above his head, or tossing his arms about with the laxity of a disjointed acrobat, and all the while working his features into fiendish distortions, finishing with a series of elaborate pirouettes: all this is done in a moment, whilst crossing to his fair partner, and with the facility of a Grimaldi.' A belle of special attractions made her appearance after a time—tall, handsome, with lustrous brown eyes; wearing a blue bodice tied round the waist with a white cord, a red petticoat reaching to the knee, yellow stockings, pointed boots, and a white cap frilled at the edge; she was believed to have come from Savoy, but was not a *chiffonnier*. Every man wanted to dance with her.

The 'finds' in the rag-bag and the rubbish-heap are sometimes not a little curious. A mistress allows Betty the maid to keep a rag-bag; and occasionally Betty yields to the temptation of putting into that bag articles which are certainly not rags. But apart from any suspicion of dishonesty, valuables find themselves in very odd places, through inadvertency or forgetfulness. We need not say much about such small creatures as insects, spiders, or lizards, that are found by the paper-makers in bundles of *esparto*; they are unwelcome intrusions rather than finds. A patent lock was once found among the contents of a family rag-bag; and as it was worth five shillings, the buyer was well content. An old Latin Prayer-book, bought as waste-paper, had a bundle of nails, curiously linked together, packed inside it. Half-sovereigns and other coins are found in cast-off pockets, in the heels of old stockings, and inside the linings of dresses. An old coat, purchased by a London dealer, revealed the fact—a joyful fact to the buyer—that the buttons consisted of sovereigns covered with cloth. Three pounds sterling, in German paper-money, found their way into a bundle of German rags that reached a paper-maker. The London Rag Brigade boys once found a bank cheque-book, and on another occasion six pairs of new silk stockings, in waste paper and rags which they had bought: these unexpected articles were, to the honour of the *Brigade*, at once returned. A rare find once occurred in the Houndsditch region. A dealer—of the gentle sex, we are told—gave sevenpence and a pint of beer for a pair of old breeches; while the bargain was being ratified at a public-house, the buyer began to rip up the

garment, when out rolled eleven golden guineas wrapped up in a thirty-pound bank-note. We rather think, that in strictness of law, the guineas of this treasure-trove belonged to the crown; but most likely the elated buyer and the mortified seller made merry over the windfall. Many people, in the days when banking was little understood, had a habit of concealing their spare money about their persons; thus, an old waistcoat, bought for a trifle, was found lined with bank-notes! But of all the finds, what shall we think of a *baby*? A paper-manufacturer assures us that in a bag of rags brought from Leghorn, and opened at an Edinburgh paper-mill, a tiny baby was found, pressed almost flat. Poor bantling! Was it accidentally squeezed to death in a turn-up bedstead, or was some darker tragedy associated with its brief history?

#### BRIDGING OVER GREAT INTERVALS OF TIME.

AN article on the above subject which recently appeared in this *Journal*, has excited some interest in an inhabitant of Plymouth, Massachusetts; he sends us the following:

'It may be thought wonderful that persons now living have conversed with an individual who could recollect a person born only about six years after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Yet, such is the fact, as will be immediately shewn. Mary Allerton, one of the Pilgrims who arrived by the *Mayflower* on our shores of New England in 1620, was born in 1609. She married Elder Thomas Cushman (the ancestor of the family of that name in America), and was the last survivor of that famous *Mayflower* company, dying in 1699, aged ninety. On the 22d of March 1694, one of her nearest neighbours gave birth to a son, who attained to the great age of nearly one hundred and eight years, dying December 8, 1801; living, as will be observed, in three different centuries. His name was Ebenezer Cobb; and he was in his day, and even unto the present time, known as "Grandpa Cobb" by the people in this vicinity. Only two weeks ago, while on a visit to a venerable clergyman living two hundred miles away, and who was born here in 1786, I was entertained for a while by hearing him relate his personal recollections of this same Ebenezer Cobb, telling many stories concerning him, and describing his personal appearance just previous to his death. After he had finished, I asked him if he had ever realised that that life of over a century was the link that connected him with the founders of our nation. After I had given him the dates, he saw I was right, but added, that he "had never thought of it in that light before." Thus, should any one of the many young children who are now familiar with this aged gentleman, live to the same age as himself, they will be able to say, that it only required the lifetime of two individuals, previous to one they recollected, to "bridge over an interval" of more than three hundred and fifty years. It was rather a singular coincidence, that the very first magazine article I read after my return home was the one in your *Journal* referred to, and it prompted me to write you what I have.

'Another remarkable statement of facts can be made relating to the same subject. A person died in this vicinity in 1871, whose grandfather was

born during the reign of William and Mary (August 1694). His son, who was born December 23, 1729, was not married until he was nearly seventy years of age; and *his son*, who died in 1871, was not born until the year 1801. Probably other interesting facts could be learned of a similar nature, but these mentioned have been well known for many years.'

#### POLLY PARTAN.

A BALLAD, WRITTEN BY THE LATE DR ROBERT CHAMBERS IN 1821.

O PRETTY Polly Partan! she was a dâmsel gay,  
And, with a creel upon her back, she every night would stray  
To the market-cross of Edinburgh, where singing she  
would stand,  
While the gayest lords in Edinburgh ate oysters from her hand.

Oh! such a beauty Polly was, she dang the fish-wives a'—  
Her cheek was like the partan's back, her nose was like  
its claw!

Oh! how divinely did she look, when to her cheek there cam'  
The blushes that accompany the taking of a dram!

Her love he was a sailor, a sailor on the sea,  
And of a Greenland whaler the second-mate was he:  
But the Northern Sea now covers him beneath its icy wave,  
And the iceberg is the monument that lies upon his grave.

As pretty Polly Partan one night was going home,  
And thinking of Tam Hallibuck and happy days to come,  
Endeavouring to recollect if she was fou or not,  
And counting that night's profits in her kilted petticoat;

She had not gone a mile, a mile down the Newhaven road,  
When the spirit of Tam Hallibuck before poor Polly stood;  
The hiccup rose unheeded through her amazed throat,  
And the shilling dropt uncounted into her petticoat.

Oh, cold turned Polly Partan, but colder was the ghost,  
Who shivered in his shirt, as folks are apt to do in frost:  
And while from out his cheek he spat the phantom of a  
quid,  
From the ghost of his tobacco-box he lifted off the lid.

'Oh! Polly,' cried the spirit, 'you may weep nae mair for  
me,  
For my body it lies cauld and deep beneath the frozen  
sea;  
Oh! will you be my bride, and go where sleeps your ain  
true lover,  
The tangle-weed shall be your bed, the mighty waves its  
cover!'

'Oh, yes, I'll go!' cried Polly, 'for I can lo'e nane but  
you!'  
And she turned into a spirit, and away with Tam she flew:  
And in her track, far to the north, a ghastly light there  
shone,  
Her coats were like the comet's tail, her fish-creel like  
the moon.

And some folk about Buckhaven, that were lecturing that  
night  
On th' aurora borealis and its beauties all so bright,  
Saw the spiritual lovers, with the lightning's quickest  
motion,  
Shoot down among the streamers like two stars into the  
ocean.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.